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Cambria Freeman.

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GOURLAY BROTHERS.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares in the vicinity of Holborn, there is a tall gloomy house, with narrow dusty windows, and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footsteps, and Eli Haggart, the clerk, was to all appearance the idlest man in London, till one came to know his masters.

The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, flurried or worried; never late and never early. Every morning at ten o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the *Times*, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at eleven they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon street, at half-past one they entered the same restaurant, and sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter, every working day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their annual holiday.

They were elderly men; John, tall, thin, melancholy looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face and faultlessly neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful, and generally warmer in color. His pervading hue was brown, keen reddish eyes that must have been merry once, crisp auburn hair that time had not yet quite transmuted to silver, a clean-shaved ruddy face, and brown hands full of dents and dimples.

John was the elder; still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never either in or out of business took any step without his advice and approval. And Roger was no less deferential; without any profession of affection, or display of feeling, the Gourlay Brothers dwelt together in closest friendship and love; their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership no shadow had fallen between them, and their public life was as harmonious as their private intercourse. In business they were successful, every speculation they made prospered, everything they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them; with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose only to be acquired by long and close application to business.

Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes, economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germs of a romance. And yet they had not been always mere business machines, the sole aim and end of their existences had not always been money. In early years they had had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.

At school John had distinguished himself, and his brief university career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost a passion, and a talent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose, and clear vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born artist, with a restless lofty ambition.

Life seemed very, very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent and everything to assist each in following his inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced from affluence to actual poverty.

Nothing remained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune but the bitter experience that always accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them, flatterers looked coldly on their distress, those who had most frequently partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will but not the power to help them.

The boys left college and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions with an invalid mother and idolized only sister depending on them for support. John secured a situation as clerk in a city warehouse. Roger accepted a desk in the office of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodgings, and for several years plodded on wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell to their sister.

Maude Gourlay and Alice had been schoolfellows and friends; they usually spent their vacations together, and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as if it had taken her own. But she could do nothing except buy them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty, sympathetic notes to Maude.

A few years of hardship and poverty told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame, still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim his bride in her altered circumstances, Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other object to live for.

Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony, the poor, weary, broken hearted mother died. George Leslie took his wife back with him to Sydney, and John and Roger Gourlay were literally alone in the world.

As if in bitter mockery of their loss and loneliness, immediately after their mother's death the brothers inherited a small fortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies, too late for Roger to return to his piano; they had fallen into the groove of business, and John at least was seized with a feverish eagerness to turn his small fortune into a larger one and become wealthy.

So they went into business on their own account as Gourlay Brothers, with the firm resolution of retrieving the position their father had lost, and a very few years saw them established at Whitler street, and fairly on the high road to fortune. Then one quiet summer evening, as they sat over their dessert, John opened his heart to his brother and told him of his hopes, dreams, and ambitions for the future.

"You will be surprised, and I trust pleased to hear, that I love Alice Russell," he said, laying his hand on his brother's arm; "I can hardly remember the time when she was not dearer to me than all the world besides. The bitterest part of our misfortune to me was that it separated me from her; the only thing that has sustained me through our long struggle was the hope of some day winning her; nothing else can ever compensate me for the ruin of all my hopes and glorious ambitions. I once dreamed of being famous, Roger; for her sake I put that behind me, and have grubbed for gold like a miser. We, Gourlay Brothers, are on the high road to fortune; I may aspire to the hand of Alice now!"

"Surely, John," and the younger brother's voice was husky, and his hand shook as he took up his glass; "I drink to your success."

"Thanks, brother. I should have told you all this before, I should have confided in you, but I feared troubling you on my account; you would have seen a thousand shadows across my path, you would have been more unhappy than I was myself. And now I want you to promise that it shall make no difference. We shall be Gourlay Brothers still."

Roger stretched his hand across the table, and John grasped it heartily. "Gourlay Brothers to the end of the chapter, old fellow, and may you be as happy as you deserve. God bless you, John!"

John's face became a shade or two paler with emotion, and he walked up and down the room a few times; then he stood behind his brother's chair.

"Roger, you will think me very weak, very nervous, but I dare not speak to Alice myself. I could not endure a refusal from her. I have never even given her the most distant hint of my feelings. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she regards me as other than a mere acquaintance, at most as Maude's brother. Roger, we have always been friends as well as brothers—stand by me in this; you are less shy and more accustomed to women; see Alice for me, ask her to be my wife."

"John, you're mad! You do not mean it!"

"I do; it is my only chance. Plead for my happiness, brother, as I would plead for yours; I am a man of few words, but I feel deeply. A refusal from her lips would kill me; I could bear it from you."

"As you will, John; I'll do my best," and Roger leaned his head on his hand, and shaded his face from the light. "I'll call on Alice to-morrow."

The next day was the longest of John Gourlay's life, a bright, warm, happy day, that made people, even in the city, look glad and cheerful. He went about his business as usual, ate his luncheon, and walked home leisurely. Roger was standing at the window watching for him, and he kept his back to him when he entered the room.

"Well!" John said gently, "Well, Roger, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her," and Roger faced round suddenly; "John, old fellow, it's no use!"

"Brother!" and he lifted his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"It's no use," Roger went on in a hard voice, "she does not love you. She loves some one else. Be a man, John, and bear it, for there's no hope."

One low stifled groan, and then John Gourlay wrung his brother's hand and walked steadily out of the room. What he suffered in the hours that followed no one ever knew, and when he appeared at the dinner table he was calm and self-possessed, but something had either come into his face or gone out of it that altered him. But of the two Roger looked the most unhappy. The blow had really fallen most heavily on him.

"Jack, old fellow, we've Gourlay Brothers now to the end of the chapter," he said huskily. "I know you'll never marry, and neither will I," and somehow John felt that Roger meant what he said.

* * * * * *

Twenty-five years passed by, a quarter of a century of changes and chances, and still the Gourlay Brothers held the even tenor of their way. They were rich beyond their wishes or desires, and not altogether unhappy in their solitary friendship. Alice Russell seemed to have drifted completely out of their lives; her name was never mentioned, and whether she was married or dead they did not know.

One morning, about the middle of September, they were walking along the King's road, at Brighton, whither they had gone for their annual holiday. Roger entered a shop to purchase something, and John stood outside looking dreamily at the passers-by. Suddenly he stared and advanced a step, as a lady in an invalid chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up she met his glance with a smile of recognition. "Mr. Gourlay, it surely is, it must be you. I am so glad to see you!"

"And I to meet you," John said, with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleasure of knowing——"

"My name—I am Alice Russell still," she said frankly. At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood forsook his ruddy face, while a hot crimson flush rose to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stammer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him and he was left solitary in some unknown infinite space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for her address, and permission to call upon her in the afternoon; then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting-room overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she said sadly.

"He made a request for me than which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all these long weary years, though you will at least believe I did not know it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said softly.

"You care about him? You will make him happy even at this late hour? Tell me, Alice, that you love my brother?"

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I deny it? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me, and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretenses, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore I tell you all."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my dear brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now, and, Alice, for my old and long affection's sake, make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice replied simply, "I cannot do any more."

In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and hers," he said, laying both his hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suffered!"

"How we all have suffered! but it's nearly over now, Roger—grief, pain, regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, John? Say rather can you forgive me?"

"True to the last," John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now, Roger, go to her; she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger! Good-bye, and may you both be happy!"

Late that evening, when Roger Gourlay returned home, full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face, and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The attitude was life-like, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead.

The doctors said he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of.

THE GOLDEN CROSS.

About the beginning of the late war, a man bent on weighty business, and bearing important dispatches and a large sum of money about his person, found himself belated at night in one of the wildest and most thinly-populated quarters of a southern state.

He was in the heart of a dense wood, and not far from a deadly and treacherous swamp. To lie down to rest would have been simply suicide; yet he was worn with fatigue and no habitation appeared in sight. Dismounting, he led his horse by the bridle and tried in vain to discover by the sense of touch the road he should follow.

"I must find some shelter for the night," he said. "The people hereabout have not a very good reputation; but I am not afraid of men, and I do not fear swamp fever and scorpions. I'll call; there may be some one within hearing." On this he sent up a shout that proved his lungs to be in good condition, and followed it by another and another. After this third he paused and listened. A faint "hallo" seemed to echo his, and in a moment more there appeared among the trees the figure of an old man who held a lantern in one hand and shaded his eyes with the other.

"Who is that?" cried the personage; "one of the boys?"

"A stranger," said the traveler. "I'm lost in this confounded place. Can you tell me where I can get shelter?"

"Who are you and where do you come from?"

"I came from farther north: traveling on business; my name is Hogan. I can pay for anything I ask, and shall be thankful, too."

"All right. Come along. My house ain't far off." And turning he tottered away into the darkness.

The traveler put his hand upon the pistol at his belt and followed him. A few steps forward; and amid a dense mass of foliage they made their way to the door of a hut. Within, a fire burnt upon a rude hearth. Over it a girl crouched, idly looking into the embers.

"That's my darter," said the old man. "We're all alone here, and it's a poor place, and you're welcome. Walk in; I'll see your horse is care'l for."

The girl looked up sharply, and looked down again with a flush on her face. The old man drew a broken chair toward the blaze and lit a pine torch.

"A fire is comfortable these damp nights if it is warm," he said. "Make some coffee and an ash-cake for us, Nannie. The gentleman's hungry, no doubt."

"I confess I am," said Hogan, taking the proffered chair. "And I do not know what I should have done to-night without your hospitality."

Meanwhile, the girl, a handsome creature of seventeen, lazily prepared a meal. She moved slowly, but she did not do her work badly. The coffee smelt well, and the ash-cake was brown.

When it was done she sat apart and watched the men as they ate, and listened to the old man's questions and the stranger's answers.

Afterward she spread upon the floor a bed of straw and a blanket, and glided out of the room.

"I hope you'll sleep well," said the old man. "Good night, sir."

"Good night," said Hogan, but he thought at the same time:

"You seem to be a very hospitable old gentleman, but you have the face of a rascal!"

Throwing off his coat he stretched himself upon the bed, and in five minutes found himself fast sinking into slumber. The pine torch flickered on the wall, the embers died out in the grate, when suddenly a hand rested on his arm and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Stranger, I've got something to tell you."

Hogan started up. The girl knelt beside him with her finger on her lip.

"Get up," she said, "and put on your coat. The sooner you are off the better. The old man lied when he said I was his daughter; he has gone for the boys. He said to me just now, 'I've found out his business. He must have plenty of money with him,' and I know whot he means. There will be four of them here in half an hour, and you are a dead man if you don't go now."

Hogan started to his feet. Stitched in his belt were several thousand dollars, and he remembered that he had chattered away almost indiscreetly, fancying the old man would know no more than he chose to tell.

"I'm a fool," he muttered, starting to his feet. "This is no silly jest, girl?"

"God's truth," said the girl. "I've seen sights that would make you more faster than you're doing now if you had seen them. There—get your horse and come. I'll show you which way to take. They'll kill me if they suspect me; but I reckon I'll ward them off. Come."

As in a dream Hogan followed her. She led him by the hand through thick woods until they came to a wide opening.

"Mount," she said, "and ride that way. Make all the speed you can. I've done all I can to save your life, Jack Hogan."

"God bless you," said he. "You know my name, I see. If the time should ever come when I can do as much for you I will."

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully.

"You have saved my life, child!" he said as he mounted his horse. "It is a debt a man don't forget in a hurry. Listen; I swear that if I can ever do anything for you I will—I swear on this." He drew a little golden cross from his breast and kissed it. "Keep it to remind me of the oath if I should forget it," he said, and put it into her hand. Then, as man rides for his life, he rode away and reached his destination in safety.

Two years from that night Captain Jack Hogan sat alone in his tent writing a letter home. There was some one at home who waited for these letters anxiously, and who wore them fondly in her bosom. Thoughts of her softened the soldier's heart. Glad, indeed, would he have been to leave war and all its cruel scenes for home and peace—home and her. Half the sentence in which he told her so was written, when his servant's voice sounded in his ear.

"Beg pardon, captain. There's a girl outside. Can she see you?"

"A girl!" said the captain. "Yes; send her in. Some poor, starving creature, I suppose, for orders for rations."

And then he started to his feet and stood amazed and silent, for the figure that glided in was that of the girl who had saved his life two years ago that night. She, for her part, drew from her bosom a little gold cross and held it toward him.

"Do you remember your oath?" she said.

He answered, "I do."

"Then save my Dan's life as I saved yours two years ago."

"Your Dan!" he asked.

"Yes; Dan Barton. He is to be shot to-morrow."

Dan Barton, the spy, lay well guarded not far away. It was Captain Hogan who had detected him. On the morrow his life would pay the forfeit.

"And he is your Dan, poor girl?" said Captain Hogan. "Sit down; try to be calm. Do you understand that it is out of my power to save him?"

"No," she answered, "I understand you do not mean to keep your oath."

"You mistake me. If I could I would."

And at that moment a thought flashed into his mind. His face turned pale.

"Perhaps I can," he said. "If I can I will."

"You promise!" she cried.

"I will keep my oath," said he.

She knelt and kissed his hand. He drew it from her.

"There are no thanks to be given for the keeping of an oath," said he.

Then she departed.

When she was gone he tore to pieces the letter he had written and wrote on another page these words:

MY DARLING: When you read these lines I shall be dead. It is very hard to leave you. Remember poor

JACK HOGAN.

He sealed it and laid it where it would surely be seen and then walked out into the night.

"I must see this spy," he said to the sentry, who saluted and let him pass. Half an hour after the sentry saw him pass out, well muffled in his cloak. He was seen afterward by several other sentries, who wondered why a man who might sleep did not.

It was dawn. At sunrise they had brought the spy out to be shot—a large muscular man with black hair. A handage was about his eyes and his hands were bound behind him. He kept his head down, striving, it seemed, to hide his face.

"I didn't think he was so handsome when I saw him before," said one officer to another. "He looked like a sneak, I thought. Who is he like?"

"I don't know," said the other. "Some one I have seen, certainly."

Meanwhile the men who were to put an end to the spy's life formed into line. The chaplain read the prayer for the occasion. The order was given:

"Fire!"

For a moment the air was filled with smoke; then it lifted. A man lay upon his face before them, dead.

It was Jack Hogan. He had kept his oath. The spy had fled the camp, dressed in his uniform, the night before. He had paid for his life with his life at last.

A VERY ANCIENT BIBLE.

Why Moses Was Represented by Michael Angelo as Having Horns.

A gentleman of Utica, N. Y., owns a rare and perfect copy of the Koburger Bible, printed in folio by Anthony Koburger of Nuremburg, 1483. Previous to this time printing had been done mostly in Latin, although in 1480 the Italians began to print with Greek and Hebrew types, which they were the first to use.

Anthony Koburger was a man of great learning, eminent also for his elegance in printing, and styled the prince of printers. He printed 13 editions of the Bible in 26 years, 12 in Latin and one in German, all large and handsome folios, and highly esteemed as extremely beautiful specimens of the art.

His *chef d'œuvre* was the German Bible printed in folio, 1483, and profusely illustrated with most extraordinary and complicated wood cuts. In these curious and fanciful pictures, Moses appears with horns.

Jerome in translating from the Hebrew, made the Latin Vulgate say of Moses, as he came down from the mount, that "his head radiated with light." The error of Jerome in the translation was occasioned by his misinterpretation of the Hebrew word signifying both a horn and a pencil of light; for as the horn of the Oriental buffalo and a pencil of light were both conical in shape, the same word was used in the Hebrew for each.

The Hebrew language to a certain extent is an object language, and the word here used is expressive of shape, signifying that his face had rays of light streaming from it.

As the Vulgate was the Bible of the Roman Church, Michael Angelo, when he turned to the book of Exodus for a description of the appearance of Moses, found him described as having horns. This explains the horns on the head of the great lawgiver of Israel.

Thus it is that a wrong translation may mystify and mislead for ages interpreters as well as artists. The title page of this Bible reads:

"Published by Anthony Koburger at the noble, imperial capital Nuremburg, after the birth of Christ and in the Law of Grace the fourteen hundred three and eightieth year, on the Monday after Innocents."

ODD CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Marriage Customs of the Celestials.

A girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving.

If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house, it is ominous of unhappiness in her new relations.

A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan chair as a sop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The "Three Baneful Ones" are fond of salt and spices, and the "White Tiger" likes sweets.

A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within 100 days after a coffin is carried out. Domestic troubles are sure to come upon one who is married within 100 days after a funeral.

A bride while putting on her wedding garments stands in a round, shallow basket. This conduces to her leading a placid, well-rounded life in her future home. After her departure from her father's door her mother puts the basket over the mouth of the oxen to stop the mouths of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then sits down before the kitchen range, that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life.

A bride must not four months after her marriage enter any house in which there has recently been a death or a birth, for if she does there will surely be a quarrel between her and the groom. If a young mother goes to see a bride the visitor is looked upon as the cause of any calamity that may follow.—Popular Science.

DARBY AND JOAN.

A spring rain was falling gently, continuously, on Mrs. True's garden. The lately transplanted geraniums and petunias lifted their heads gratefully to the warm shower, and the fuchsias and sweet alyssum brightened under its influence.

If their mistress could have seen them, she, too, would have rejoiced, for the flowers were her children, petted darlings, for whom no care could be too great, no attention too painstaking. She had housed them in winter, set them out in summer, trimmed, guarded, hung over over them year after year.

Involuntarily one looked for her mild face at the window, smiling out upon them, but she was not to be seen. For the second time only in her life Mrs. True lay in her chamber, too ill to heed the pattering rain, or to think of the plants growing so fast in the sweet, moist air, even though, through the open window of her room, both sounds and scents entered freely, the peaceful sounds and healthful scents of the country.

It was very still in the room where she lay; very still and orderly. The old furniture was polished and speckless; the linen as white as snow; against the pillows, which had been a part of her bridal outfit, rested the gray head, still neatly cared for, and the face, with its pallor, still wore a look of kindly impatience.

At her side sat her husband, good Deacon True, with bowed head and sad eyes; and in his work-hardened hand he held her feeble one.

Presently a footstep sounded on the muddy sidewalk outside. Then the gate latch clicked. Someone walked up the path and tapped softly on the house door, and was as softly admitted.

But the two, with their faces turned toward each other, took no notice.

"How is she?" said the neighbor down stairs who had "dropped in."

"Fallin'," answered Fidelia Perkins, the maid of all work, temporarily engaged for the emergency.

"How's he?"

"Fairly beat out with grievin'. Seems's if he hadn't no heart for eatin' or drinkin' or nothin'. Just settin' up there along o' her, and holdin' her hand. I never did see folks set such store by each other as they do."

"Well, they haven't nobody else to set store by, you see," said the visitor, establishing herself by the fire, and holding out two substantial feet to the blaze.

"No, that's so," assented Fidelia, taking out her knitting. "Now you just make yourself comfortable, Mis' Clapp. I'm real glad to see somebody. It's dreadful lonesome here. Jest these two still critters upstairs, and me and the cat downstairs, and nothin' on earth to do. Why, there ain't so much as a teaspoonful of dirt to clean up nowhere in the house. I never did see such housekeepin'."

"She was a master hand for cleanin'," said Mrs. Clapp, shaking her head thoughtfully, "and as I say, there warn't no children to make dirt."

"No, there warn't, but them plants is about as bad, to my thinkin'," cluttering up the place half the year, and havin' to trail around with a waterin' pot, and weedin' and stewin' 'em the rest of the time. She took a sight of comfort in 'em, though."

"She was a real good woman, Mis' True was," sighed Mrs. Clapp, speaking already in the past tense.

"And he's a powerful good man."

"There ain't no better."

"Queer such good folks hadn't a family."

"Well, they did have one child."

"Do tell? I never heard of it before. Boy or girl?"

"Boy, I believe; law, Mis' True was most tickled to death about it. She was as proud as an old hen with one chick, but it didn't last long. I was sent for to nurse her, and she was a dreadful sick woman, out of her head, just raving about that baby; goin' on about what she was meaning to do for it.

"She had it all planned out for a lifetime how she was a-goin' to rock him to sleep nights, and how, by and by, he was agoin' to set to the table in a high chair alongside of her, and, finally, how he was to take the farm and live with them always. My! she was ramblin' on so fast and a smiling away to herself, while the rest of us—me and the doctor and the deacon—was jest a-frightin' for that baby's life. And, at last, when she come to herself there warn't nothin' but a dead baby to shew her."

"Dear, dear! did she take on much?" said Fidelia, dropping her knitting in her lap.

"Take on? Well, not like some folks. She didn't screech nor cry; but she jest turned awful white, and her eyes got big and had lookin'; it was enough to ha'nt you to see 'em, and she never said nothin' to me; jest moaned, and caught ahold of the deacon's coat sleeve as if she needed somethin' to comfort her. It did seem's if her heart was broke sure. She never had no more children."

"I guess that's why they've been so set on each other," mused Fidelia.

"Well, as to that, there ain't no tellin'. Some few folks are so—considerate and feelin'—but mighty few. Most married folk get tired of livin' together, or, at any rate, they appear so, to home. The deacon and Mis' True they's been like they was a'courtin' all these years. He's done all the chores for her that a mortal man could do, and she's been as sweet to him—well, as sweet as one of them doves a-cooin' away out there on the barn."

"Hark! What's that?" said Fidelia, holding up one hand, warningly.

It was only the sound of a weak voice, above, and a deeper voice trying to answer soothingly.

While the two women had talked the afternoon had waned. The rain seemed like fast falling tears. The flowers, some of them, were closing drowsily. The shadows were deepening. The light green foliage of a birch tree near the house looked gray in the twilight. Through the open chamber window above sounded the sleepy trill of a bird, safely snuggled in his nest under the young leaves.

Curiously enough this tender note alone had the power to rouse the dying woman. She had always been in close sympathy with all fair helpless things, flowers, young birds and infants. Now, in her extremity, this weak cry pierced to her heart and woke her.

"Where's the baby?" she whispered. "Why don

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - AUGUST 24, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

The Democratic State Committee will meet in the city of Harrisburg at 2 P. M., on Tuesday, August 28, at the Bolton house, to nominate a candidate for Auditor General, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

BENJ. M. NEAD, Secretary. ELLIOTT P. KISNER, Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS
ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,
JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,
HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Pawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Hucksenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.
JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

JUDGE THURMAN hit the nail on the head when he said: "The tariff is a tax that takes hold of everything from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet."

ADVICES from Democratic headquarters at New York say that the campaign is progressing satisfactorily and that Cleveland and Thurman will certainly be elected.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND spends about two days of each week at Oak View without coming into the White House. He takes his work with him to his country place.

THURSDAY, Septemoer 6th, is the last day for the registration of voters. Let every Democratic Committeeman attend to his duty by seeing that every Democrat in his district is at once assessed.

THE President has issued an order placing Major-General Schofield in command of the army, with headquarters at Washington. General Schofield will also continue in command of the division of the Atlantic.

THE Republican papers are very busy publishing little extracts that they pretend are taken from English papers. They are very old chestnuts and if ever heard in England at all, it must have been during the visit of our "greatest living statesman" Jingo Blaine.

THE American Party National Convention in Washington last week nominated for President J. Langdon Curtis, of Connecticut. He is seventy-six years of age and he holds that foreigners should reside in this country twenty-one years before exercising the rights of citizenship.

DR. EDSON, of the New York health department, says it requires a peculiar condition of climate, such as we never have in the North, to make yellow fever contagious. There must be a long-continued period of hot weather and bad water for the disease to gain a foothold.

ALLEN G. THURMAN left Columbus, Ohio, on Monday for Port Huron, Michigan, where he was to deliver his opening campaign address on Wednesday. The old Roman was greeted at every station by immense crowds who were eager to see him, and his speech at Port Huron will be read with interest by all who are in favor of justice and tax reduction.

HIGH protection means high prices; high prices mean reduced consumption, and reduced consumption must inevitably be followed by a reduced demand for labor and lower wages. Per contra, free raw materials mean cheaper production, increased consumption, a greater demand for labor and higher wages. This is not theory. It is a fact, proven by experience.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of Washington territory, declaring unconstitutional the law granting suffrage to women, is based on the fact that the legislature exceeded its powers granted by Congress. The court took the ground that the word "citizen" in the organic act can mean nothing else than male citizen. The opinion contained 7,000 words and an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

THERE is no issue in the pending campaign between protection and free trade. The question is, shall the tariff taxes, which furnish millions of revenue in excess of the needs of the Government, be continued to enrich monopolies and trusts. The Democrats believe in reducing the taxes for the benefit of the people. The Republicans want the taxes kept up to protect the trusts. It is this issue that the vote in November will decide.

GEO. W. CHILDS' *Public Ledger* (Republican,) saidr ecently that Cleveland's "administration has been free from official or personal scandal; has been honest and clean. There have been no S ar route robberies; no navy jobberies; no War department corruptions; no profligate waste by United States Marshals; Treasury combinations or speculations; no corrupt operations in or through the Land Office. No American at home or abroad has had occasion to droop his eyes in shame because of any such things under Mr. Cleveland's administration. On the contrary there has been a resolute effort to promote honest government, to increase efficiency, and to lesser expenses."

THE Republicans, before the arrival of Blaine were looking forward anxiously for that gentleman's arrival that he might sound the key-note of the campaign. In his speech at Portland, Maine, on Wednesday of last week, Mr. Blaine not only sounded the key-note, but he played the whole tune, when he stated that trusts were private affairs, with which neither President Cleveland nor any private citizen has a right to interfere. Here is Mr. Blaine's key-note; "When President Cleveland delivered his message he had something to say to the American people about the danger of 'Trusts.' I think there have since been no Democratic papers in the coun ry, whether they understood the meaningof the word or not, that have not been constantly warning the people as to the horrible danger of 'trusts.' Well, I shall not discuss trusts this afternoon. I shall not venture to say that they are altogether advantageous or disadvantageous. *They are largely private affairs with which neither President Cleveland nor any private citizen has any particular right to interfere.*"

The Chicago *Tribune*, one of the ablest Republican journals in the West takes issue with Mr. Blaine and very pointedly remarks:

If Mr. Blaine is correct in his assertion that they are "private affairs" with which the government has no right to interfere, then most certainly the government has no right to bolster them up and befriend them and should step down and out from its partnership with them by withdrawing its tariff protection. So long as excessive duties are maintained these trade rings will be enabled to bleed the public. Reduce these duties to a decent, reasonable figure and they will be smashed. Mr. Blaine will not help the prospects of the party by appearing as the advocate of trusts which the party platform has specifically and unmistakably condemned. He can say much that is interesting and profitable as to tariff and wages questions, but he should be warned in time not to make the error of apologizing for trust monopolies or whistling them down the wind as of no consequence.

MR. BLAINE appears to be awfully worried says the St. Paul *Globe*, over the prospect of Judge Thurman's election to the Vice Presidency, and is consequently nerving himself to make his big fight against the tail of the Democratic ticket rather than the head. There are possibly two reasons for this. Mr. Blaine has bucked against the head of the ticket once, and Mr. Blaine is a man who usually knows when he has enough. Whatever other aspirations Mr. Blaine may have he is evidently not burning with a desire to have another hand-to-hand set to with Grover Cleveland. But another reason why Mr. Blaine is disposed to give so much attention to the Democratic nominee for Vice Presiden is that he served in Congress long enough with Judge Thurman to learn that the old Roman is a dangerous man for the corporation interests to tackle. With Thurman presiding over the Senate there would not be much prospect for crooked legislation; or, at least, it couldn't be rushed through without the attention of the country being called to it.

SENATOR CALL has introduced a joint resolution in Congress to appropriate $200,000, to be paid out in the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the suppression and prevention of yellow fever in the Inter-State commerce of the United States. It also authorizes the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, on the request of the Governor of any State, to seize and destroy, under conditions and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of Treasury, any infected personal or other property which is communicating infection and disease in the Inter-State commerce. This condemned property, it is provided, shall be paid for out of the money apropriated by the resolution.

THE intelligent voter will have no cause to complain of not being fully informed on the great questions to be settled at the coming election. The Campaign committees are busy sending out literature and it is said that more has been circulated this Fall than ever before in the history of the country. During the present session of Congress 11,000,000 envelopes costing $11,000 have been furnished to members who have used them in sending out their speeches, nearly all which are on the tariff. This beats the record, which was 7,000,000 envelopes in 1876. The people are studying the tariff question.

QUAY has got Harrison to take a rest for a couple of weeks at Bass Island, in Lake Erie. He could not keep Harrison from talking so he retired him to a lonely island where his talk can do the g. o. p. no harm. Quay is now hunting up an island where he can locate Jingo Blaine until after the election, but as yet has not succeeded in finding one sufficiently retired. He cannot put the two on the same island as they would talk each other to death.

GERMANY has passed a law making heating railway cars by means of steam from the locomotive compulsory on all trains running within the Empire within seven years. It is stated that this method of heating trains has been in satisfactory use in that country for several years.

GENERAL HOWARD officially announces that peace again reigns among the Arizonia Indians, and that he is on his way to his headquarters at Los Angeles.

Blaine the Apologist of Trusts.

True to his uniform record as the champion of monopoly in all its forms, Mr. Blaine has come out boldly as an apologist of the numerous trusts that have been organized in this land to "corner" the supplies of necessaries of living. Speaking at Portland last week this statesman, who is so cocksure of everything, said he could not tell whether the trusts are "altogether advantageous or disadvantageous." This is the first time that Mr. Blaine has ever confessed his fallibility on any public question. He seemed to incline however to the opinion that Trusts are "advantageous" institutions, and so they are—to the monopolists and bounty-mongers of whom he is the faithful champion. Becoming emboldened in his speech in defense of the Trusts, he said: "They are largely private affairs with which neither the President or any other private citizen has any right to interfere."

President Cleveland is not a private citizen (nor is he likely to become a private citizen until the 4th of March, 1892,) and it was therefore his solemn duty, as the chosen Chief Magistrate of the Nation, to give official warning of the dangers that threaten the people in the Trust monopolies that have been created by the tariff. He could not do less without violating his constitutional obligation to recommend to Congress "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." But Mr. Blaine says this is none of his business.

Hon. John Sherman has introduced a bill to restrain the trusts, and the Republican members of the House have introduced like measures; but Mr. Blaine, who cannot venture to say "whether this form of monopoly is advantageous or disadvantageous," tells the representatives of the people that they have "no right to interfere."

For months the Republican organs in all quarters of the land, in language more or less emphatic than that of John Sherman, have denounced the sugar trust as "one of the most dangerous and wrongful monopolies ever created in this country." They insist that this sugar trust owes its very existence to the tariff; and, in order to destroy the monopoly, they demand that the $58,000,000 of fiscal revenue from raw sugar shall be abolished. But Mr. Blaine rebukes the party organs by telling them that this trust "is a private affair with which they have no right to interfere."

As the tool of monopolies who has become rich by their favors Mr. Blaine was bound, of course, to stand up in their defense. He could not do otherwise without offending the Carnegies and all the rest of the beneficiaries of the tariff-fed trusts which are eating up the substance of the American people. We can imagine the last words of Andrew Carnegie, when they parted in Scotland: "Don't fail to stand up for the Bessemer Steel Combination and our Structural Iron Ring, out of which I am able by hard labor to realize only $1,500,000 a year. These are only private affairs with which neither President Cleveland nor any private citizen has a right to interfere; and, therefore, don't let the Republicans of the Senate meddle with them, in imitation of the Democrats of the House."

Mr. Blaine has tperformed his task with a great deal of fidelity; but he gives rather too loose a rein to a certain habit which seems to have grown to be constitutional with him when he asserts that "England is literally plastered over, under her system of free trade, with trusts." Are there in England Bessemer steel trusts, lumber trusts, salt trusts, lead trusts, rubber trusts, linseed oil trusts and other "Rings" to control supplies and prices of the necessaries of living? As soon as such combinations should arise in England Mr. Blaine knows that competing products would pour in to redress the balance in favor of consumers; and he knows, too, that every one of these American trusts and a score besides would perish with the removal of the "protective" features of the tariff. For this reason he champions the trusts, and insolently asserts that these greedy Tariff-fed Monopolies are "private affairs" with which neither the President nor Congress has any right to interfere.

Mr. Blaine's first campaign effort in behalf of the Tariff engendered trusts can hardly be regarded as a success by his warmest admirers. When he shall next speak on this subject he may possibly be able to say whether, in his opinion, these monopolies are "advantageous or disadvantageous" to the public, as well as to their possessors.—*Phila. Record.*

Blaine and Savings Funds.

Mr. Blaine's wonderful talent for misstatement creeps out in every speech he makes. Respecting the savings banks he ventured two assertions: First, that the effect of the legislation proposed by the Mills bill had been exceedingly injurious; and, second, that the savings banks of the State of Massachusetts carry larger deposits than those of England.

Relative to the first statement, Mr. Fred E. Ritchards, Bank Examiner of the State of Maine, is a timely witness in his semi-annual report for the 1st of May, 1887, which year Blaine confesses was prosperous, the gain in deposites was $1,032,000. In the report for the same period ending May 1, 1888, when Mr. Blaine's supposed "radical change in the industrial system caused reversal and confusion in the commerce and manufactures of the United States," the gain in deposits was $1,052,000. In other words, the prosperity of the people of Maine, as shown through the savings banks, was greater since the President sent in his anti-monopoly tax message than before.

With reference to his second assertion, the latest official statistics whose that in the year 1887 the amount of deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts was $291,197,000 while the deposits in the savings banks in Great Britain, including the postal banks, amounted to $756,533,000, so that the English deposits were more than double those of Massachusetts. Included in the figures for Great Britain are deposits with friendly and building societies to the amount of $256,000,000. But deducting these from the total, there still remains $499,000,000 of deposits in the Trustee and Post Office savings banks of England, or $208,000,000 more than the total deposits of the State of Massachusetts.

Massachusetts is a flourishing and wealthy State, and the prosperity and economy of its people are just sources of pride to all good Americans. But that is no reason why false economic propositions should be backed up by falsification of statistics so gross that it is difficult to believe that Mr. Blaine can have made them otherwise than recklessly. Do the Republicans seriously expect to carry the country by such slapdash arguments as the Plumed Knight is now using?—*N. Y. Star.*

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with abcess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jessie Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

It is very important that every Democrat be registered and assessed.

Blaine on Trusts.

Mr. Blaine holds that "Trusts" are "purely private affairs, and that neither President Cleveland nor anyone else should have anything to say about them."

At the same time the magnetic "uncrowned king" of Republicanism advocates the prohibitory tariff of the Chicago platform. The operation of such a tariff would be to remove the only check upon the Trusts that control the living supplies of the country. He therefore believes in legislation in favor of the Trusts, but is against all legislation to protect the people against them.

No Trust combination pays fair living wages. The same monopoly that enables the Trust to extort from the consumer puts it in its power to grind down the workmen. As prices go up, wages go down. Such is the monopoly rule that Blaine and the Republican party would render unassailable by intrenching behind the statutes of the United States.

Mr. Blaine in his anxiety to champion the cause of the Trusts undertakes to show that such exist in England, and therefore should be encouraged in the United States, or at least that any attempt to crush them in the United States would be futile. He takes his ideas, illustrations, principles and comparisons all from England, where he enjoyed himself so much and was received so well by the aristocracy and by the shoddy lords. His proposition is one to make the rule of shoddy perpetual over the American people.

To be sure Mr. Blaine is not the candidate of the Republican party—at least not nominally so. Benjamin Harrison was nominated at Chicago, and should the Republicans carry the election he would be the nominal President, just as was Rutherford B. Hayes, whom he strikingly resembles. But everyone understands that Blaine would be the President. In fact, "the power behind the throne is greater than the throne itself."

It is Blaine, not Harrison, whom the Republicans hail as their leader, as "the greatest living statesman," the "uncrowned king," the "inspired Moses," who is to lead them out of the wilderness. It was for Blaine that the Republicans undertook to get up in New York the greatest reception ever given to an American returning from Europe.

It is to Blaine that men who constitute the Republican majority in the United States have surrendered, so that his lightest word is their law in preference to their own judgment and even to the decrees of their own caucus. The Republicans in Congress, in solemn conference, determined to present a bill to revise and reduce taxation, but Blaine intimated his disapproval, and the project fell through. He is not the "uncrowned king" of the American people, because the American people will have no king, least of all, a monopoly serving, aristocratic, false-pretending king like Blaine.

But Blaine is king of the Republican party, despot, dictator, absolute ruler, and does with that party, its Senators and committeemen, what he will. Therefore the Republican party and every member of it, from Benjamin Harrison down, are bound by the declarations and proclamations of James G. Blaine, its king.

That monarch has issued his sovereign decree. It is a decree for the Trusts and against the consumers and the laborers of the country. There are symtoms of revolt among Republicans, but they dare not revolt.

What will the people do? Will they stand by Blaine, the monopolies, the Republican machine and the Trusts against the producers and consumers of of the United States? Will they hold up their hands for the fetters of this uncrowned tyrant, who has forgotten the spirit of the institutions of his native land? Or, will they rise up and proclaim that they will have nothing of this Trust doctrine, nothing of monopoly servitude, nothing of this boastful but powerless "uncrowned king," but will renounce, defy and stamp under foot this political Satan and all his evil works?—*N. Y. Star.*

The Cry of Extravagance.

The Republicans are preparing for a new attempt to ride two horses going in opposite directions, and they are likely to get another hard fall. Their chief prophet and "uncrowned king" proposed four years ago, as a settled policy for the country, high taxation and extravagant appropriations. Their platform of this year practically indorses that policy by opposing any reduction of tariff taxation in the face of an enormous surpius.

This is a new departure, it is true. A few years ago many of their present leaders were calling for a revision of the tariff, and a Republican commission actually recommended a reduction in duties of from 20 to 25 per cent., while their platform four years ago made an explicit demand for tariff revision. Many of their leaders have from time to time made free speeches, and, altogether, the party has occupied a position in every way antagonistic to its present attitude. But in one thing it has always been consistent, and that is in favoring large appropriations.

Of late it has insisted on extravagance as a public virtue. Its answer to the President's message about the surplus was that but for Democratic stinginess the money would have been spent long ago, and then there would have been no surplus. Its response to the bitter complaint of business men against locking up our circulating medium in the Treasury has been: "Give us a chance at the appropriations and we will soon get the money out."

The party has experienced no difficulty in living up to its professions in this matter. Throughout the present session Republicans in the House have sought to swell every appropriation, and what the House refused to do the Republican Senate has eagerly done, so that the House has had to make the best fight it could to keep down expenditures. Had it not been for the small Democratic majority in the House we should have had to look to Presidential vetoes as the only protection against the solving of the surplus problem by all sorts of appropriations in favor of jobs and private interests.

Having done all they could to promote extravagance, and found themselves hindered and checked at every step by the Democrats, these spendthrifts actually undertake to point to the appropriations at the present session, which fall far short of their own desires, as evidence of Democratic extravagance. Their cheek is amazing, but their prudence is not to be commended. If they undertake to make extravagance the issue, an examination of the facts will not bring about results likely to assist in the re-election of their members in the present House of Representatives. We hope they will try it. Now that the Presidency is safe, the size of the Democratic majority in the next House begins to be a matter of interest.—*N. Y. Star.*

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A puer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The wife of J. C. Watters, a telegraph operator at Warren, committed suicide on Saturday by taking an overdose of morphine.

—James S. Gribble, of Brownsville, was caught under a table at Columbia Iron & Steel Works, Uniontown, on Saturday, and killed.

—Christian Hoehl and Willie Carey, aged about twelve years, were drowned in the Ohio River at Rochester on Saturday while bathing.

—A runaway horse in Norwich, Conn., ran into an open doorway, up a steep flight of stairs, through a long hall and down a flight of back stairs before he was captured.

—The wife of a Breton peasant, for whom the doctor had prescribed leeches, fried the leeches and gave them to her injured husband to eat. He was taken fatally ill and died before the physicians knew what ailed him.

—A man down in Tennessee, who is about to marry the fourth time, is less than 40 years old, and a financier suggests that if he had only insured the life of each dear departed he might now rank among millionaires.

—General Boulanger was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in the Department of Somme Saturday. He also heads the polls in the Chareute and Nord Department. The announcement of the figures caused great excitement in Paris.

—Great excitement was caused at the Schuylkill Colliery, near Mahanoy City, on Friday evening by the closing in of five men. They were all rescued after several hours confinement. Evan Thomas was one of the party and the other four were Poles.

—William Sutton, aged twelve years, of Wilkinsburg, while crossing the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad track at the City Farm, last Friday afternoon, stepped in front of an express train and was instantly killed. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death.

—By a premature explosion of powder in a stone quarry at Pinch Run, Monday, Jacob and William Mayhugh, brothers, were perhaps fatally injured. The former had his nose and part of his head blown off and his eyes blown out, while the latter was burned about the body and head.

—Gen. Hovey, the Republican candidate and Col. Matson, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, talk of pairing off, leaving the House of Representatives, and making a red-hot Campaign. Campaign Committees propose that Hovey and Matson shall make a joint canvass.

—While John Snyder and Harry Lane, each thirteen years old, of Palmyra, Lebanon county, Saturday, were shooting at a mark, the former playfully pointed his revolver at his comrade and fired, inflicting a wound that may prove fatal. Snyder says he did not intend to press the trigger.

—Major Howes and family, of Boston, with Indian guides, forming a party of ten persons in three canoes, while passing up the Tobique river, 36 miles from Andover, Me., Sunday, were fired on by unknown persons, and Mrs. Howes was instantly killed. No clew to the murderer.

—Saturday morning fragments of a human body—the largest pieces being a hand and an ear—were found scattered along the Pittsburg & Erie railroad for half a mile north of Sharon. It is supposed that the remains are those of John Knee, aged twenty-four years, an employe at Kimberly's mill.

—A man, supposed to have been an Italian named Vergolo, whose business was letting out Italians by contract, was shot and killed in a saloon in New York on Monday by a young man whose name is unknown and who made his escape. The murder is involved in mystery, which the detectives are endeavoring to penetrate.

—While being taken from jail at Lancaster, on Thursday of last week, to New Holland, for a hearing on a charge of larceny, Constable Lowry was nearly killed by Henry Watson, a colored desperado, who had induced the constable to take the handcuffs from his wrists, using them as a weapon to beat the unfortunate officer.

—While C. W. Towle, of Riverside, Mass., was taking a party to Haverhill, one day last week, the horse took fright and ran away. Mr. and Mrs. Towle, their two children, and Mrs. W. W. Hamm and child were thrown from the carriage, all being injured. The horse fell upon Mrs. Hamm's baby, four months old killing it.

—A baby out in Indiana came near dying in an odd fashion last week. The mother left it safe in the cradle, while out in the yard was a frolicsome puppy with a block and chain. By some means, in her absence, the dog got in the house, and in playing with the child the chain was so wound about his throat that it was almost strangled when the mother got back.

—Jennie Woolver, a domestic employed on a farm near Woodland, Wis., was shot and killed by George Moore on Friday. After he shot her Moore rushed to where Jennie lay and kissed her. He then placed the revolver to his temple and blew his brains out. Moore had lately returned from Colorado, and it is supposed he killed the girl because she was soon to be married to another man.

—Dr. Campbell, of Versailles, Ky., claims to have made the astonishing discovery that the Garden of Eden was located in America, about where St. Louis now stands; that the Mississippi is the Euphrates of Scripture, in which he finds proof of all his assertions. Now it is in order for Chicago journals to rise and explain that his discoveries, socalled, are the result of subsidy and prejudice from their rival city.

—Among the startling requests that, when near death's door is that of Mrs. H. Taylor, of Peru, Ind., who is slowly nearing her end from tumor in the stomach, and requests that, when dead, both hands and feet be severed from the body, and also that the heart be removed and sent to France for burial, interment of the other portion of the body to occur here. The strange request will be complied with by her daughter.

—Michael Murphy, of Rochester, about twenty-three years old, was killed while playing ball in that town Saturday afternoon. He was at the bat, and was struck over the jugular vein on the right side by a pitched ball. He started to run to the base, but after going fifteen feet fell across the path, striking upoh his face. Dr. Kennedy was summoned, but the young man died before he arrived. Death was caused by a broken neck from the fall.

—A German woman, whose name could not be ascertained, met death at Homestead, Thursday afternoon in an unusual way. She had got hold of the kerosene oil can, and poured some of the fluid in the stove. Her son was standing near ready to light a match to set the fire going at his mother's bidding. When he struck the match the lighted brimstone flew in the mouth of the oil can, and a moment later the woman was dead from the effects of the explosion.

—The dysentery epidemic in Iowa and Lafayette counties, Wisconsin, is spreading, the physicians being totally unable to cope with it. The disease is malignant dysentery, followed by cerebral troubles, producing death. According to reports received at Galena, Ill., thirty-seven fresh cases were reported at Darlington up to Sunday evening, and many of the sick were not expected to live. It is more than probable that there is some local cause for the disease, as it is quite as healthy in Galena as usual at this time of year.

—Ex-Congressman William W. Wilshire died at his residence in Washington Sunday. He served in the Forty-fourth Congress, having been elected as a Conservative Republican from Arkansas.

—Flora Pauisam, of Boston, was relieved of her purse containing $1 80 the other evening by a highwayman. Unwomanlike, though, she darted after the scoundrel, caught him several squares distant, and, notwithstanding he and several pals then set upon and beat her, the gritty Flora held on to the thief until assistance arrived in the person of a police captain. The latter, with the aid of another officer, landed the prisoner in jail, but not until after a severe struggle, in which the pals took an active part.

—According to statistics furnished the War Department at Washington, the following is the latest horse census: Russia, 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000, Australia, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2,800,000 and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,524,000; Spain, 680,000 horses and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark, 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and Portugal, 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules.

—Deacon Lovering, aged 93, his sister and housekeeper, Mrs. Richardson, were instantly killed by lightning about midnight on Friday last near Greenfield, Mass., and the farmhouse, barns and buildings were burned. The scene of the tragedy is in the town of Gill. The neighbors not far distant saw the flames of the burning house and hurried to render assistance. The old man, who has been the deacon at the village church for fifty years, was found sitting in a chair, dead. His sisters body was burned to a crisp.

—Mrs. Nancy Sipe, aged 103 years, died on Wednesday evening of last week at her home on the Plank Road, York. She possessed the faculties of speech and reason to the last. She was sick for about twelve weeks, caused by a general breaking down of the system. Mrs. Sipe was twice married, and if her oldest child, a daughter who lies buried at Carlisle, was still living, she would be eighty-five years old. She outlived both husbands and her children, with the exception of two sons, Mr. Daniel Sipe and Mr. Alex. Sipe. Her decendants are many.

—A dance held at Berd's hotel, in the village of Irving, N. Y., has resulted in mourning in at least one household in that little hamlet. Allen Burmeister, a brakeman, had a quarrel with Alva Newton. Late in the evening he gave a general invitation to drink, which Newton accepted among the rest. Smarting over their early controversy Burmeister refused Newton a drink and insulted him. A fight followed, during which Burmeister struck Newton a blow in the eye which ruptured a blood vessel. Newton went home and died from the effects of the blow.

—It is stated that the general managers of the various roads between Chicago and the Missouri River have definitely concluded to take off their limited express trains on next Sunday, regardless of the protests of the Kansas City and Omaha people. One concession has been made to the public, however, namely: the time will not be quite as slow as first agreed upon, and the number of trains will not be diminished. The time will be about two hours slower than by the present limited trains, but will be two and a-half hours faster than the time made before the limited trains were put on.

—Four years ago Conrad Shenfield was a drunken, penniless outcast in Erie, Pa., having squandered a large fortune acquired in business. His friends and relatives had to disown him. Shenfield went to Murphy's temperance meeting and took the blue ribbon. He wanted to go West and make another fortune, and an old friend, Col. Charles Lynch, loaned him $200 and the old man went to New Mexico. Tuesday of last week he died in Kansas City. On Monday a certified transcript of his will was registered in the Erie court, leaving members of his family and relatives nominal bequests of a few dollars each, and $150,000 worth of real and personal property to Colonel Lynch, besides valuable mining property at Albuquerque. Lynch had been in hard luck and Shenfield's bounty was a Godsend.

—While Company C, Fourteenth Infantry, was practicing at the rifle range at Camp Ord, Conneaut Lake on Friday morning, Charles Lacey, of Oakdale, who was acting as marker at the range, was accidentally shot through the head and instantly killed by one of his comrades. As a company of the Fifteenth was practicing at the time, it is supposed Lacey thought a ball which hit their target was shot from his company and missed, and stepped from under cover at the moment his comrade fired. The ball entered just below the left ear, coming out of his mouth, and he fell to the bottom of the pit dead. The remains will be escorted to Pittsburg by the entire regiment. An inquest has been held by the coroner of Crawford county and a verdict of accidental death returned.

Train Robbers Repulsed.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 19.—Reports have just reached headquarters to the effect that an attempt was made at 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning to hold up and rob the Union Pacific east bound passenger train at Dana water tank, near Rawlins, Wyoming. The train was stopped to take water. Suddenly three masked men stepped out of the darkness and confronted the engineer, fireman, and front brakeman with revolvers, commanding them at the same time to throw up their hands. The engineer and fireman complied, but brakeman Frank Tillman, a stout, muscular young man, refused. He put out his lantern and grappled with one robber, throwing him down and rolling him into the ditch. Tillman than ran to the express car to get a gun, when the robbers fired, wounding him in the arm and hip. The shots brought out the express messenger and postal clerk, who opened fire on the robbers, one of whom was shot in the leg but was carried off by his companions, who, after returning the fire of the trainmen, fled to the hills. During the fusillade Fireman Nash was shot in the arm. His wound and those of Tillman are not serious. The passengers awakened by the firing were intensely excited, but afterward did good service in attempting to pursue the robbers. At 8 o'clock in the morning a posse consisting of the sheriff of Carbon county and fifteen armed and mounted cowboys started on the trail of the robbers. The governor of the territory and Superintendent Dickinson have each offered a reward of $500 for every man captured.

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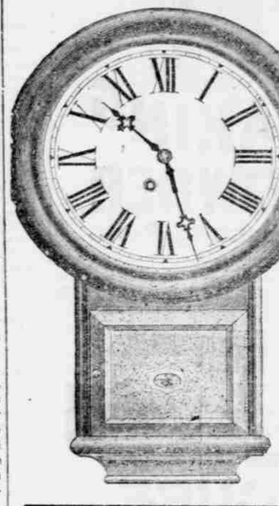

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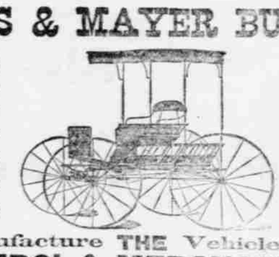

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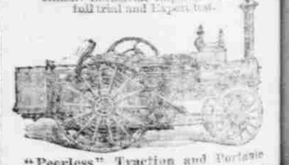

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, -- AUGUST 24, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Judge Harry White, of Indiana, was in town on Tuesday.

—There was some frost in low places on Monday morning.

—Mr. Ed. Fenlon, of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting relatives in this place.

—The street lamps got a cleaning up on Monday, but not before they needed.

—Mr. Thomas Pimuket and wife, of Galitzin, were visitors to our town on Thursday.

—Miss May Young, of Pittsburgh, is visiting relatives and friends in this place and vicinity.

—Miss Ella Warnock, of Blairsville, is visiting the family of Mr. E. C. Parrish, in this place.

—Dr. James Oatman, formerly of this place but now of Altoona, was in town on Monday.

—On Monday last work was commenced on the foundation for a new Catholic church at Crest Springs.

—Mr. D. Byron Gibbons, of Johnstown, was circulating among his many friends in this place on Monday.

—A meeting of the Cleveland and Thurman Club will be held at the Opera House Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

—The mail carrier from Strongstown to Ebensburg failed to arrive on Wednesday on account of there being no bridges on the road.

—Wanted at McDonald's store, Loretto, 1,000 pounds good, clean dry wool for which the highest price will be paid. Cash paid if desired.

—Mr. Louis Roland and family, of Johnstown, are registered at the Mountain House, this place. Mr. Roland is one of the County Auditors.

—Mr. H. Creswell, of this place, is busily engaged with a number of men stringing the wire for the telephone line between Ebensburg and Carrolltown.

—The festival for the benefit of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, of this place, held in the Opera House last Friday and Saturday evenings was a grand success.

—The mail from Carrolltown to Cherry-dale failed to get through on Wednesday on account of the high water and the washaway of a bridge in Susquehanna township.

—The Democrats of Centre county will open the campaign on Tuesday evening, August 28. Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, will be there to fire the first gun.

—The Medicine Show, which was to have exhibited here for three weeks, broke camp early on Monday morning, and like the Arabs, "folded their tents and silently stole away."

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Supt. J. W. Leech was unable to reach Nicktown on Wednesday, owing to the flood. The examination of teachers for that township will be held on Thursday, August 30th.

—Burglars entered the house of Mr. John Rhinehart, of Tyrone, on Friday night and carried off a gold watch and chain belonging to his daughter, Miss Lizzie Rhinehart valued at $175.00.

—The first number of the Johnstown daily *Democrat* made its appearance on Wednesday. It is neat in make up and appearance, is full of news and should be substantially encouraged.

—General James A. Eaton, U. S. A., who is spending the summer at the Mountain House, at Cresson, visited our town on Thursday, to attend the funeral of George W. Huntley, deceased.

—Mr. T. H. Williams and wife, of Homestead, drove overland from that place to Ebensburg last week, arriving here on Friday. Mr. Williams is a son of Mr. Thomas J. Williams, of this place.

—LOST.—On the Loretto road near Ebensburg, a sun umbrella with a silver handle on which "S. M. L." is engraved. A reward will be given the finder if returned to Dr. Lancaster, at Maple Park Springs.

—The special examination of teachers will be held in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, September 4th, beginning at 8 A. M. Applicants should present a written request signed by at least four members of some school board.

—Philip Priten, of Washington township, has purchased the square of ground on the east side of Mary Ann street, between Sample and Crawford streets, and intends to commence the erection of a dwelling house in the near future.

—For a justice or other officer to execute a regular quarterly pension voucher before the 4th day of March, June, September and December, is a misdemeanor to all the parties engaged, and in addition thereto makes the voucher worthless to the pensioner.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—The last carp pond built by Mr. Huntley during the present summer, succumbed to the flood on Wednesday and was washed out. The dam contained a large number of small carp, but luckily the large fish were in another dam that successfully withstood the flood.

—Two children of William Bush, a merchant of Dawson, Fayette county, one aged 5 years and the other 6, took a revolver from their father's safe Monday evening, and while playing with the weapon it was discharged, killing the younger child instantly.

—The barn of William Fetters, of Bedford township, Bedford county, was burned on Tuesday night of last week. Loss $2,-000 with no insurance. On Wednesday night the barn of John Feastler, near Mann's Choice, in the same county, was also completely destroyed by fire with all its contents.

—Reports from Lock Haven are to the effect that the rivers and tributaries are overflowing their banks and doing much damage. Many million feet of logs have broken out of booms but will be caught in the basin here. The rain fall at Lock Haven was three and sixty-one hundredth inches.

—The Beech Creek road had two wrecks last week, and a man killed in each. The first was at Beech Creek and a brakeman named French was killed. The second was on Friday morning at the Junction near this place, and a brakeman named McGuire was killed from the effects.—*Clearfield Republican.*

—The Board of Managers of the Huntingdon Reformatory met at Harrisburg on last Friday afternoon and unanimously elected as warden Major W. R. McCaughey, of the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, Ill. His fiscal year at Joliet expires on the 1st of October and Mr. McCaughey will come to Huntingdon after the expiration of his term.

—Michael Ream, while walking in a slaughter-house in Cambria on Tuesday evening, slipped and fell and broke his leg.

—Mrs. Edward Dunegan and daughter, Miss Maggie, of St. Augustine, visited relatives and friends in this place this week and returned home on Thursday.

—A horse belonging to Mr. Daniel Carney was being operated on by Mr. Enoch Short, on Wednesday last in this place, for ringbone. During the operation an artery was severed and it was with difficulty that the flow of blood was stopped and the horse prevented from bleeding to death.

—Gideon Fetterman, a resident of Morrellville, was killed on the Cambria Iron Company's railroad at Johnstown on Wednesday morning. Fetterman became bewildered and stepped in front of the locomotive and his body was cut in two. He was about fifty years of age and leaves a family in Indiana county.

—The Baltimore and Ohio culvert, at Long Run, near McKeesport, was washed out by the swollen waters Tuesday afternoon. An Italian laborer whose name was not learned was on the culvert when it gave way and was carried away by the stream. His body has not been recovered and it is thought to be buried beneath the mass of stone.

—A small boy named Kroh was shooting off a boy pistol in a barn at Ruzzard Mill, near Brookwayville, Jefferson county recently. His caps giving out he substituted the heads of matches. Result—the hay was set on fire and two barns and a house went up in smoke, involving a loss of $3,000. This is another evidence that the toy pistol is a good thing.

—On Thursday evening of last week a fire broke out in the large four-story flouring mill of C. Houser & Sons, of Altoona, and in a short time the building was burned to the first floor. How the fire originated is not positively known, but it is supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion on the fourth floor. The loss is $24,000, covered by insurance.

—The following named persons can each receive a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post office: Mr. W. K. Jennings (2), Prof. C. W. Berchard, Harry Emery, Mr. Jacob Enos, Mrs. Henry H. King (3), J. Franklin Hoover, Miss M. T. Hamahan, R. J. Mascott, Mr. John E. Ream, Miss Lillie Robinson, Mrs. J. G. Roberts, Mr. George Van Dyke and Dan. Vom.

—From the Arlan (Minnesota) *Guardian* we learn that the Democracy of Nobles county, Minnesota, have nominated our old friend, John A. Kennedy, Esq., formerly of Ebensburg, for the office of Register of Deeds. Nobles county is Republican by about 300 majority, but if the citizens out there want a good official they cannot do better than elect Mr. Kennedy.

—On the Pennsylvania railroad a washout occurred at Larimer on Tuesday night and trains were run over the West Penn division. On Wednesday the tracks of the West Penn were covered in some places with five feet of water and no trains were run. Passengers and freight were compelled to remain on the road until Thursday. The washout is the greatest in the history of the road.

—Bargains at McDonal d's store, Loretto, Pa. Sugar, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents per pound; teas, 35, 50 and 70 cents per pound; coffee 15, 20 and 22 cents per pound; oatmeal, 5 cents; barley, 6 cents; rice 8 cents per pound; calicoes, 4, 5, 6, and 7 cents per yard; dress goods, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15 cents per yard; children's, misses' and ladies' shoes and all spring and summer goods at actual cost for spot cash or trade.

—A sad affair is reported from Franklin Borough. A child, aged eighteen months of Stephen Robine, it is said, being left alone in a room with a four-weeks-old infant of a family named Bittner, approached the crib in which the babe was lying and mutilated the little one terribly, chewing off its nose and a couple of its fingers, and tearing pieces of flesh from its cheek. Dr. Wilson attended the sufferer.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Two strangers who attempted on Wednesday morning to make the trip from Johnstown to Pittsburgh, in a portable canoe, were drowned near Sheridan station, by the upsetting of their boat. On account of the high water, the wire cable of the foot bridge at that point was submerged and invisible and when the boat struck it, caused the boat to upset and threw the men out. Their bodies at last account had not been recovered.

—An old and experienced business man speaks of advertising as follows: "Advertise by the year. It is cheaper and yields a better return for the money invested. An advertisement should be always before the public in some shape. If it disappears it is soon forgotten, and those that remain have the superiority and advantage of the competitor. There is only one excuse for the discontinuance of an advertisement—that of retiring from business."

—The Democracy of Blair county, on Tuesday last, nominated the following ticket: Choice for Congress, Thomas H. Greevy, of Altoona; for State Senator, A. V. Dively, Esq., of Altoona; for Assembly, Christian Albright, of Tyrone; for Sheriff, H. L. Brown, of Hollidaysburg; for Prothonotary, John P. Martin, of Taylor township; for Poor Director, John H. Hileman, of Freedom township; for Jury Commissioner, L. Lamade, of Altoona.

—Chairman James J. Walters, of Johnstown and John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill, our candidate for sheriff, were in town on Tuesday and drove over to Loretto, intending to return in the evening. On their return, however, they found the water so high over the bridge on the Loretto road, at the east end of town, that they were compelled to go back to the house of Mr. Elijah Marsh, in Cambria township, where they stopped all night and got into town on Wednesday morning.

—The Howard Iron Works property in Centre county has been levied on by the Sheriff and is advertised to be sold on the 25th inst. The iron works property are situated in Howard township, near the borough of Howard. They consist of a rod wire mill, a bar mill, a muck bar mill, a machine shop, rolling mill, etc., with a charcoal furnace, fifteen tenement houses, a store house, private dwelling, and all the ore and timber lands situated in Howard, Marion and Walker townships, with washing machinery, aggregating 1,135 acres.

—William A. Cox, of Altoona, who had been employed on the Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Youghiogheny railroad for the past five months as a fireman, was killed at Duncan Junction, at Pittsburgh, on Tuesday morning. He had gotten off to turn a switch, when he fell in front of the engine, which was moving slowly, and was caught beneath the wheels. The latter passed over his body, cutting it in two and otherwise horribly mangling it. The engine was stopped at once and the remains were gathered up and placed upon a car and taken to Pittsburg.

—The following cure for cholera infantum is given by a woman who says she has known of its successful use many times: Saturate flannel with alcohol; cover the child from the breast down over the bowels; if the child is small, warm the alcohol; soon after this application is put on the child will go to sleep, from which it should not be disturbed; when it awakens give it light food. I could procure scores of certificates where children have been cured by this simple remedy when able physicians said they must die, but as the cure is so simple, not costly, and free, they are not necessary.

—George Mullison, aged only six years, has been living some time with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Feaster, of Harrison township, Bedford county. On Wednesday of last week he was chastised, and in revenge set fire to the barn, destroying that building together with 300 bushels of wheat, 75 dozen of rye, wagon, gears, and the entire crop of hay. No insurance.

—On next Thursday, at one o'clock P. M. application will be made to the Register of Wills to set aside the will of the late Philip Davis, on the ground that as the last will gives all his property to his son-in-law, Job Morgan, and because his will made in 1885 left his property to his wife, it is claimed that undue influence was used upon him to make the last will while he was not of sound mind. The widow, Mrs. Davis, mother of Hannah Hopkins, is in needy circumstances. The amount of property involved is between $1,500 and $2,000. Alfred Ashton, Esq., represents the contestants.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—Four experienced (?) horsemen of this place started out for a horse-back ride on Sunday last. All kinds of fancy (?) riding was indulged in, such as holding to the horse's neck to keep from falling off. One of the young men attempted the difficult feat of going a different direction from that taken by his steed, and, with the assistance of the steed, he succeeded. The horse suddenly turned down a lane leading off the Loretto road, but the rider kept right on, due west, for a short distance, when the road bed suddenly got in a passion and flew up, coming in contact with the young man. The damage to the road has been repaired.

—Persons are forbidden to walk across the railroad bridge over the Conemaugh near Blairsville; but the notice did not deter Jno. Knox, who rather than go down the river and cross the county bridge, undertook to cross on the railroad structure. When about half way over a freight train came round the curve. Knox had not time to reach either end of the bridge before the train touched the structure and being afraid to stand close to the side of the bridge until the train would pass, jumped off and landed among the rocks below. He was badly injured and sent to the West Penn Hospital at Pittsburgh. His chances of recovery are slim.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—On Friday morning last, about 1 o'clock, lightning struck the barn of Martin Simpson, at Georgeville, which resulted in the burning of the building with almost all its contents. A moment after the crash of thunder following the lightning bolt, the barn was discovered on fire. Mr. Simpson and some of his guests, among them Mr. James Gompers of this place, hastened to the building. A valuable stallion was released, a wagon loaded with oats was run out from the barn floor, but by this time the flames were so fierce that no other property could be saved. The barn contained all of this year's crop, except about one acre of oats which had not been stored.—*Indiana Messenger.*

Notes of the Flood.

On Monday night about eleven o'clock it commenced to rain, at first but a slight sprinkle, which steadily increased until it got to be a heavy rain which continued without any abatement until Tuesday evening about eight o'clock. All day on Tuesday the rain poured steadily down and the gutters in the town looked like little creeks. The streams in the neighborhood rose steadily and on Tuesday morning were full to overflowing. The continued rain caused the waters to rise higher and on Tuesday night all the bridges in the neighborhood were gone. A number of country people who came to town in the morning intending to return home in the evening were compelled to stay all night.

The dam belonging to Messrs. Hoover and Noel, about two miles north-east of Ebensburg, on the head-waters of the Conemaugh, broke on Tuesday evening and the bridge at the east end of town on the road to Elig's mill, and also the bridge on the pike at the head of Shinkles dam were both carried away. The bridge on the Loretto road was covered over with water but it still remains in its position. A portion of the breast of Shinkle's dam also gave way, but we understand it is not so badly broken as it was during the flood of four years ago.

The water was four or five feet deep on the Carrolltown plank road on Tuesday evening where the road crosses the Blacklick but the bridge is still passable although it is moved from its position.

On the clay pike the dam belonging to Mr. Wm. R. Williams broke and carried away the bridge, leaving that road impassible until the bridge is rebuilt.

The bridge about a mile west of Ebensburg on the clay pike is also gone, as is the bridge over the same stream at Beulah.

The dam of L. J. Driggs' grist mill, about a mile south of Ebensburg and also the dam of William Howell, about three miles south on the same creek, are both badly broken and completely washed out.

Two dams built by Messrs. Mitchell & Co., near Hastings City, in Elder township, for the purpose of furnishing water for their coke ovens, were washed away by the flood on Wednesday.

The dam at Killin's mill in Barr township, was swept away by the flood on Wednesday and the mill badly wrecked.

The bridge in Cambria township near David W. Jones', on the Nicktown road, was washed away by the flood.

The dam belonging to Evan J. Evans, in Cambria township, on one of the branches of the Blacklick, broke on Wednesday.

In Blacklick township the bridge at Duncan's White Mill, the bridge at Duncan's Red Mill, and all the bridges below are gone. It is estimated that it will cost at least $4,000 to repair the damage done by the flood in Blacklick township.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J anes and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

She Told All on Her Death-bed.

We learn from the Gallitzin *Vindicator*, what some of our older readers may remember, that about thirty-two years ago, while the old Portage Railroad was still in operation, an elopement took place at Summit, two miles south of Gallitzin, which caused considerable excitement among the residents of that alpine village, which gloried in the honor of being the summit of the Allegheny Mountains. The parties who created such excitement among their neighbors were John Matthews and Mrs. Orner, both of whom left large families, the only member of either family who shared in their flight being Joseph, a little son of the unfaithful wife.

All track of the eloping couple was lost, and their families never heard of them until about two months ago, when the Mayor of Pittsburgh was written to by the authorities at Laconia, N. H., asking about the family of Mr. Orner. The Mayor found Mr. Zack Orner, a son of the woman who left her home and family more than thirty years ago, and he, with a sister who resides at Harrisburg, proceeded to Laconia to investigate the matter. They found that their mother had died a month before, Mathews having died some three years previous. Joseph, the son whom Mrs. Orner had taken with her in her flight, was going under the name of Mathews, never knowing any better until his mother told him of the elopement with Mathews before she died, and informed him that she had other children in Pennsylvania. He is a physician in good standing, and the shock to him can be better imagined than described.

Mrs. Orner left considerable property, which, when divided among her six children, five of whom she left to go with Mathews, will give each about $3,000.

After leaving the Summit, the runaway pair settled nowhere for about a year, when they arrived at Laconia, where they spent the balance of their days, never saying anything as to where they came from, and this remained a mystery to their friends and acquaintances, and would likely have remained so to the end of time only for Mrs. Orner, before her death, informing her son—Joseph—about her elopment from the Summit almost a third of a century ago.

Some of Mathews' family still reside at Lilly's other at Pittsburg, and the remainder at Harrisburg. Many of those who resided at the Summit at that time, and have often wondered what became of Mathews and Mrs. Orner, can quiet their minds by the knowledge that they are sleeping in a New Hampshire cemetery, hundreds of miles from the once beautiful village of Summit, and that little Joseph, whom they took with them, but now grown to manhood, is united with his sisters and brothers, who, no doubt, mourned his loss through these long years that his fate remained a mystery to them.

Communication.

The seed wheat swindler has been getting in his work in this section recently. A number of our farmers have contracted and signed an article for seed wheat, agreeing to sow the seed on the best ground on their farms, and give one-half of the crop to the man who furnishes the seed. Pretty dear seed, is it not?—*Carrolltown News.*

From the above item it would appear that the *News* is very much interested in the welfare of the farmers of this vicinity, inasmuch as it would infer they were too ignorant to understand their own business. I desire to say the same company put out seed oats last spring, through V. S. Barker & Bro.'s, Ebensburg, which gave perfect satisfaction, and the same farmers were anxious to get the wheat. Knowing the above facts, and believing a legitimate way to introduce the seed, I did not hesitate to show it to the farmers, as agent for the National Seed Company, leaving them to judge for themselves.

Since the question of swindle arose, I would say to all those that ordered wheat through me, and feel dissatisfied, or consider it a swindle, that they can call and have their orders cancelled before the wheat arrives.

Respectfully, A. ECKENRODE.

Carrolltown, Pa., Aug. 21, 1888.

Card of Thanks.

EBENSBURG, PA., Aug. 21, 1888.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—Dear Sir:—Permit us, through the columns of your paper, to express our heartfelt thanks to the people of Ebensburg, who were so kind in their attention and assistance during the illness and death of Mr. P. G. Riley, on the 9th inst. We are truly grateful for their many acts of courtesy and kindness, and as they are nearly all strangers to us, we take this method of returning them our sincere thanks.

MRS. ANNIE RILEY.
JAMES RILEY.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Aug. 22, 1888:

Abraham Breneman and Margaret Stinkler, Woodvale.
Michael Laffey and Julia Preston, Cambria borough.
Joseph Willer and Elizabeth Nather, Conemaugh borough.
James R. Jones and Mary A. Thomas, Johnstown.
Simon Schrift, Conemaugh township, and Sarah E. Roberts, East Taylor township.
Frederick Houghton and Lizzie J. Wearn, Johnstown.
J. C. McCauley and Rosie Sharbaugh, Gallitzin.
Paul Warefield and Eva Schrifts, Summerhill.
Harvey Louther and Harriet Callahan, Johnstown.
Wm. Ream and Catharine Hackman, Cambria borough.

Died.

HUNTLEY.—Died at the home of his parents in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, August 21st, 1888, Mr. George W. Huntley in the 24th year of his age.

The deceased was the second son of Mr. George Huntley, the well known hardware merchant of this place, and was a modest unassuming young man whose quiet demeanor at all times was such that he was esteemed by all who knew him. Some time ago he accepted a position as clerk at the Mountain House, at Cresson, and while there was stricken with typhoid fever, and after being ill a few days was brought to his home where it was hoped that with careful nursing he would recover. But he continued to grow weaker and on Tuesday last death came and his spirit winged its way to immortality. Peace to his ashes.

Hay Fever.

I have suffered greatly from periodical returns of hay fever. Covert & Cheever, Druggists, suggested Ely's Cream Balm. I can cheerfully testify as to the immediate and continued relief obtained by its use. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this or kindred complaints.—(Rev.) H. A. Smith, Clinton, Wis.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *fieri facias* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to me directed there will be exposed to sale by public vendue outcry, at the Court House in Ebensburg on

Monday, Sept. 3rd, 1888,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

the following property to wit:

All the right, title and interest of John Martin and Eliza Martin in a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Dean township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of Dennis Cauley, Patrick Finnerty, David Brown and others, containing 50 acres, about 25 acres of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a two-story frame house and frame barn now in the occupancy of John Martin and Eliza Martin, taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. S. Oilvert and Bro.

☞TERMS OF SALE: One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two-thirds on the confirmation of the deed.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Aug. 19, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Strayed away from Glen White, Pa., about July 1st, a black cow with white spots, white belly, and "crumpled horns." A satisfactory reward will be paid for information of her whereabouts.

Address MICHAEL MAZENKO,
Kittanning Point, Blair Co., Pa.

Aug. 10, 1888.

NOTICE TO BONDHOLDERS.—Notice is hereby given to all persons holding or owning cupon bonds issued by the county of Cambria to present them to the treasurer of said county of Cambria for payment on September 1st, 1888, as after that date interest will cease on the same.

JOHN CAMPBELL,
JOHN KIRBY,
J. G. LLOYD,
Com's.

Attest: D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

Ebensburg, July 27, 1888.-6t.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said court on the first Monday of September next unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of John Ryan, assignee of John B. Clark and wife for benefit of creditors.

First and partial account of J. B. O'Connor, assignee of Jacob Trents and wife for benefit of creditors.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Prothy.

Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1888.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, A. J. Sell, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared and 58 well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 75 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warranted deed guaranteed.

MARY FURY,
ANN FURY,
Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

June 1st.

Orphans' Court Sale

:—OF—:

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to sale at public vendue or outcry on the premises in Allegheny township, on

SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1888.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

A piece or lot of ground situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the north by the township road leading from Loretto to Ebensburg, on the east by a 16 foot alley, on the south by a 16 foot alley and on the west by lot No. 6, fronting 53 feet on said township road, and extending back as described 178½ feet, and having a two-storied frame house, a frame stable and the necessary outbuildings thereon erected. This property is situated just outside the northern limits of the borough of Loretto.

By virtue of the same order of Court I will also expose to sale at public vendue or outcry at Gallitzin, on the premises hereinafter described, on said date, August 25th, 1888, at five o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, viz:

A lot of ground situate in the village of Marysville, in Gallitzin borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 50 feet on Forest street and extending back 150 feet to an alley, adjoining lot of S. H. Corn on the east, and lot of Wm. Eckenrode on the west, (the coal and minerals being reserved), having thereon erected a two-storied frame house, a frame stable and outbuildings.

—o—

☞TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when the properties are sold, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal payments in six and twelve months thereafter. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH HOGUE,
Adm'r of Sophia Sill, dec'd.

Loretto, Aug. 3, 1888.-3t.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Thomas Bradley, vs. Matilda Bradley. | In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, No. 4, Dec. Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to

MATILDA BRADLEY, GREETING:

WE command you as heretofore commanded that all manner of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of September next, to show cause, if any you have, why your husband Thomas Bradley, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which he hath contracted with you the said Matilda Bradley, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court; and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 4th day of June, A. D. 1888.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Attest: JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, July 27, 1888.-6t.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, THE HON. ROBERT L. JOHNSTON, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of the 47th Judicial District consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 15th day of June, 1888, to me directed for holding a Court of Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg, for the County of Cambria and to commence on the First Monday of September, 1888, and continue two weeks.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Coroner, Justices of Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said county of Cambria, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 1 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done and those who are bound by recognizances and their own remembrances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Cambria county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand at Ebensburg, the 6th day of August, in the year of our Lord, 1888, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Year of the Independence of the United States.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Aug., 10, 1888.

TRIAL LIST.

List of cases down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, commencing on Monday, September 3rd, 1888.

FIRST WEEK.

Gallagher et al.....vs. Durbin.

SECOND WEEK.

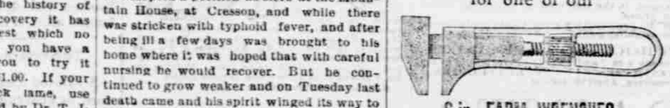
Miller.....vs. Pringle.
Miller.....vs. Stoltz.
Pfeffer.....vs. Schmitt
Harter.....vs. Westover.
Schroth.....vs. Crook et al.
Boring.....vs. Bennett.
Longstreth.....vs. Johns.
Conch.....vs. Edwards.
O'Connor.....vs. Higgins et al.
Notley.....vs. Kramer, Mann & Co.
Easly.....vs. Hugus & Lloyd.
Donohoe.....vs. Judy.
Same.....vs. Scott.
Thomas for use.....vs. Lloyd et al.
Coy for use.....vs. Same.
Thomas.....vs. Same.
Carr.....vs. Leiby.
Suppes.....vs. Johnstown Lumber Co.
Trexler.....vs. Rhody et al.
Johnstown Milling Co.....vs. Hanna.
Snyder.....vs. Cambria Iron Co.
1st Nat'l Bank Alto'a.....vs. Duncan.
Stadler.....vs. Craver.
Peden.....vs. Peden.
Helle.....vs. Boyle.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1888.

WE WANT YOU!

To send us 40 cents for one of our



6-in. FARM WRENCHES.

Light, Handy and Strong; will Outwear and Outlast two Ordinary Wrenches.

YOU WANT
AN ELLRICH
Household S. D. Set.

This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screw-drivers and 2 chisel-firing) same; all packed in a neat wood box. This tool is constantly useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Send free on receipt of $1.60.

Ask Your Local Dealer

for them, if he has not got them, he will get them for you, or we will send either on receipt of price, as above. *Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue.*

ELLRICH & CO.,
Plantsville, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established. BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y.

Aug. 3, 3m.

WHEN you want JOB WORK done call this office.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber residing in Carroll township, Cambria county will sell at private sale the farm on which he resides four miles east of Carrolltown on the road leading from Carrolltown to Loretto, containing 140 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a two-story plank L house and frame barn. A fine orchard is on the premises and the farm is in a good state of cultivation and is well watered. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN HOGUE.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872. Johnston, Buck & Co. BANKERS. Ebensburg, Penn'a. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888. Carrolltown Bank, Carrolltown, Pa. T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and certificates issued on time deposits, on which interest will be allowed.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accommodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALITY.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

WANTED--AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS

For our Choice and Hardy Nursery Stock. Steady work for energetic, temperate men. Salary and expenses, or commission if preferred. The business quickly and easily learned. Satisfaction guaranteed to customers and agents. Write immediately for terms. State age. Address

R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Aug. 10.-2m.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, offensive breath, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSSER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon

Care of Half-Grown Turkeys.

"A Farmer's Daughter" has the following counsel to give in the *Country Gentleman*, with reference to the care of young turkeys: Many busy housekeepers who give their young turkeys a great deal of care and attention when they are quite small, appear to think them fully able to take care of themselves after they are half grown.

They stop feeding them entirely, saying that the flock picks up so much small grain and so many insects in the fields that they do not need any food at night. So the mother hens begin to feel very independent, having the whole care of their families on their shoulders, and pretty soon forget to come home at all, but stop in the fields or the woods, wherever night catches them, and either fly up in the trees to roost where the young ones become an easy prey to the owls, or perch upon the fences within reach of passing thieves. And before very long half of the young turkeys have disappeared, and the poultry raiser is loudly lamenting her "bad luck" to all the neighbors.

All this can be avoided by teaching them to come home every night, and the thought of a good supper awaiting them is a great inducement; even if their crops are full of grasshoppers a small quantity of broken bread is very much relished, and especially a pan of buttermilk. Fowls are very fond of milk, either sweet or sour, and nothing is more wholesome.

Of course it is some trouble to go after them, so the best plan is not to let them begin staying out. If mine are not in the yard at sundown I begin to look for them, and ocasionally have had to drive them home by moonlight; they are very stupid after dark and have to be pushed along.

After they are several months old small grain can be fed to them, very sparingly at first, else it is apt to give them cholera; broken bread crusts and scraps from the table, softened with sweet milk or water, are to be preferred. Care shou'd always be taken in regard to their food, as I have known a careless servant to kill dozens at once by spilling salt accidentlly in their food, and in one case when the flock found some salt which was put out for the cattle, they ate of it, and many of them died.

I have known people to put a few ducks with the turkeys in order to bring them home at night, because, they say, ducks always start toward home at night, and the rest of the flock will follow.

How to Sell Property.

One of the most successful and experienced auctioneers in this State observes that in order to make property sell well these rules must be carried out: First—advertise the schedule of articles and a date of sale in a newspaper which the people read for the interesting news it contains, and also by handbills neatly printed and judiciously posted to meet the public eye. Second—a person making the sale, if for himself, should have little to do with it while the sale is in progress. If the owner stands around and directs the sale, would-be buyers will get the impression that he is going to bid in everything that he might think does not fetch enough, and so where there are no bargains in prospect the people won't buy at all. The truth of this will be apparent to those who recall the fact that a deceased owner's estate sold by an administrator or executor invariably commands better prices at public auction than the same kind of property does if sold by the owner himself. Many persons have failed to learn this truth, so plain that every observing person must have it proven to him. All that is essential is judicious advertising in the columns of a good newspaper.

A Tragedian's Way.

A man walked into the principle hotel of a Western city the other day with a valise and a big appetite, and going into the dining-room tried for a few minutes to work up a breakfast. He then broke out with:

'What, ho! landlord! Is there a blacksmith within the precincts of this mighty city?'

Landlord—'Why, yes, of course.'

Tregedian—'Then send one hither.'

Landlord—'What in thunder do you want with a blacksmith in my dining-room?'

Tragedian—'I would have him test his steel and brawny arm by severing in twain this steak from the shoulder of the deceased bovine of many years, and then, for my physical recuperation, I would have him saw, file and chisel off a few morsels from its hardened bulk, for I would dine the while. I pray thee haste and fetch him quickly. Stay thee! Your biscuits you can take to a stone quarry for a blast; these grits I can, with dexterous art and a glass of water, manage to swallow whole. Go bring the blacksmith.

Away!'

The landlord fainted, and awoke almost a raving maniac.

Bathing.

The tonic effect of bathing is caused by the contraction of the surface blood-vessels, which drives the blood back to the larger blood-vessels and the heart. These react and send the blood rushing back to the skin, causing the glow which follows the bath, or ought to follow it, the free respiration, and the vigorous feeling of the muscular system. The bath should always be followed by friction with the hand, a brush, or a towel. The frequency with which it should be taken depends entirely on circumstances. It should be often enough to keep the pores open and the skin clean, for the skin does one-third of the breathing, and if it is logged the lungs must do more work, and they will be overburdened. As a rule, the more rapidly a bath is taken, the better will be its effect.

Weak persons should be very cautious about taking cold baths. A tepid bath is the only safe one for such persons. When taken before going to bed, rub with a towel or sponge quickly, it will often soothe and cause sleep in nervous persons who suffer from insomonia.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.
For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1888.-1y.

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

THE LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO, ILL. — 30 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX.
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DR. SETH ARNOLD'S
COUGH KILLER
CURES COUGHS, COLDS AND PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

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PEEK & SON.
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212 to 216 West 47th Street and 1567 & 1569 Broadway, NEW YORK.

The "OPERA" Piano is a strictly first-class Instrument, fully warranted for five years. The most perfect instrument in the market and the

Most Moderate in Price.

Catalogue, Terms, Prices, and full Information by mail.

Special inducements to readers of this paper.

Our Cottage Upright is a marvel of beauty, and the highest grade of excellency.

It will pay to write us.
(MENTION THIS PAPER.)

LAST OPPORTUNITY!
For CHEAP EXCURSION To
CALIFORNIA.
$72 from St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route
$60 from Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Ry.

Tickets are good for this occasion, limited to sixty days for doing passage with ten days' privilege at pleasure within limit of return-bound passage. Special excursion tickets from St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route, Pacific Railway, Missouri Pacific Railway, Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Railway, Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, coupon offices in the United States and Canada will sell tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco at this EXCURSION.

A Strange Love Story.

In Australia several attempts have been made to educate the blacks out of their nomadic habits and into a civil life, but in almost every case the philanthropic effort has failed to eradicate the instincts of barbarism. Mr. Ballou, in "Under the Southern Cross," tells the romantic story of one of these failures. A young native, a lad of 10 years, was taken from his wild life and to Brisbane to be educated and to grow up in the home of a white family. Those engaged in the experiment secured the consent of the boy of his parents and of the tribe. They did their best to make him comfortable and happy. During nine years everything promised success.

At school he proved an apt scholar and became a favorite with the pupils and teachers. He was dressed like his associates and seemed so satisfied with a civilized life that many good men and women looked forward to the day when he would exert a strong and beneficial influence upon his own people.

One day shortly after he had passed his nineteenth birthday, he was missing from Brisbane. No one knew what had become of him save one young lady, and she kept her knowledge to herself. After months of search he was found at his former home living the nomadic life of a naked savage. No inducement could prevail upon him to return and live among his friends. At last there came out the romance which revealed the secret of the young black's nine years' sojourn among the whites of Brisbane. He had fallen in love with the lovely white daughter of the white family with which he made his home. She reciprocated his attachment, for he was a fine specimen of his race, and her influence made him studious and a sojourner at her father's house. When his hereditary feelings begat a longing for the bush and a nomadic life she restrained him from returning to his tribe.

At last he frankly told her that he loved her too sincerely to suggest that she should go with him to his savage home, but that he was unhappy and reckless and must seek his native wilds. She had the good sense not to protest against the seperation, for he would not remain and she would not go. Accepting the inevitable, they parted; he to live as a savage and she to die.

Cure for Fits.

For a fit of passion. Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness. Count the ticking of the clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat for the next hour, and work like a Negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly. Go to the workhouse and speak to the inmates of the jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn."

For a fit of ambition. Go into a church yard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of despondency. Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear. Whether they remind, whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for we have it from the Great Physcian:

"Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee."

For fits of Repining. Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and the afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

Potatoes in Apple Orchards.

Shade is demoralizing to the potato beetle, and the latter preferably seeks the sunlight to deposit its eggs on potato leaves. There is a popular belief among farmers that the potato beetle is less destructive to potatoes planted in apple orchards than to those in open fields. To this extent the belief is probably warranted. Farther than this, where apple trees abound the lady bug is apt to be numerous. It is attracted to the apple by the plant lice, which often attack the foliage of this tree early in the spring. The lady bug and its larva destroys the eggs of these plant lice, and after these are gone they take up their home on the potato plant, and thrive on the eggs of the potato beetle. The lady bug makes its home in winter under the rough bark of old apple trees, and in sheltered places under their trunks. Thus they are good supply to begin with, and in moist, wet seasons will alone sometimes keep the potato bug from doing much damage to the crop on the shade of apple trees. But as no wages are paid to these industrious little workers, the potato grower must not rely upon their aid alone. If he does not himself keep a sharp eye on his crop, his insect friends, however beneficial as auxiliaries, will leave him in the lurch. It is not safe for him to depend on aught save his own vigilance. If he uses this he cannot be cheated.

A Dozen Negatives.

There are a round dozen things that you can never get a lady to plead guilty to, be she old or young.

That she laces tight.
That her shoes are too small.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she uses anything but powder.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushed when you mentioned a particular gentleman's name.
That she says what she doesn't mean.
That she is fond of scandal.
That she ever flirted.
That she can not keep a secret.
That she is—in love.

A PERFECT COMBINATION
Of harmless vegetable remedies that will restore the whole system to healthy action, is absolutely needed to cure any disease "for the disease that affects one organ weakens all." Paine's Celery Compound is THIS PERFECT COMBINATION. Read the proofs!

"I have suffered terribly from nervousness and kidney trouble. I bought two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, and oh, how it did help me! I have so much faith in your medicine, for I know what it did for me."
Ontario Centre, N.Y. — MRS. J. J. WATSON.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

"For five years I suffered with malaria and nervousness. I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and I can truthfully say that five bottles completely cured me. I cheerfully recommend it, for I know it to be a good medicine."
CHAS. L. STEARNS, Letter Carrier, Station B, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CURES ALL NERVOUS DISEASES,
Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Piles, Liver Complaint, Kidney Trouble, Female Complaints, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

$1, six for $5. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt. **For the Nervous,**
$1, six for $5. See that each bottle bears the Celery trade mark. **The Debilitated,**
$1, six for $5. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt. **The Aged.**

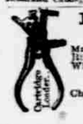
PROTECT YOUR HOMES!
MARLIN DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER.

A GOOD REVOLVER no longer costs a Fortune

These revolvers are an exact duplicate of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON. .38 Caliber, using Centre-Fire Cartridges.

Self-Cocking, Automatic Ejecting,
FULL NICKEL PLATED, RUBBER HANDLE.
WARRANTED EQUAL IN EVERY RESPECT TO THE SMITH & WESSON.
For sale by Hardware and Gun Dealers everywhere.
Manufactured by THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

BEST IN THE WORLD!
MARLIN Magazine Rifle.
For large or small game, all sizes. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market
BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.



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WILL SAVE ONE-HALF THE COST OF AMMUNITION.
Made for all sizes of Cartridges which are used in any of the following Rifles or Pistols: Marlin, Colt's, Winchester, Ballard, Stevens, Remington, Whitney-Kennedy, Smith & Wesson; also for all gauges and makes of
SHOT GUN SHELLS, PAPER AND BRASS.
Cheaper and better than any other. Send for Price List of these tools to
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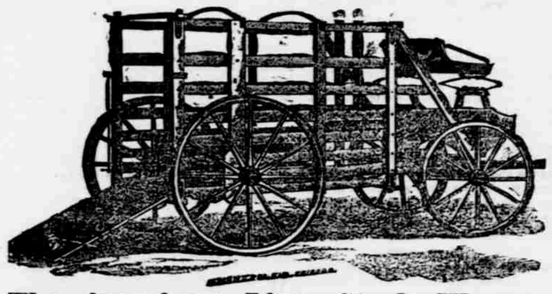

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For the Use of Butchers and Stockmen. Saves Time, Labor and Expense.
No danger to the animal you are conveying, or to your horses. The animal does not get heated up, but is ready to kill as soon as it reaches the slaughter-house, and your meat is sound and healthy when it is brought to the block.
Ask for Catalogue "B." For prices, terms and circulars, address
SHIPMAN BRADT & CO., DeKalb, Ills.

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for 1888, will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Catalogue with Colored Plates, and the FINEST COLLECTION OF SEEDS ever offered. If Our specialty is supplying MARKET GARDENERS with varieties specially adapted to their purposes, and all TOOLS necessary to manage a complete garden. If you grow VEGETABLES FOR MARKET, tell us so when you send for our Catalogue.
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The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade, the finest brands of
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NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE
THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLIUM.
If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours.
Trade for Ebensburg and Vicinity Supplied by
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NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING,
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.
V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

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Dry, Ground in Oil and Ready-Mixed.
We guarantee every Package bearing our firm name, and will REPAINT where satisfaction is not given.
Sterling Ready-Mixed Paint.
40 Beautiful Colors.
MARBLEINE, SUPERIOR TO KALSOMINE.
24 Exquisite Tints.
Perfect Imitations OF NATURAL WOOD. **WOOD STAINS.**
6 Colors.
Unique Coach Paints,
9 Colors.
PAINTS and VARNISH in ONE APPLICATION, AT A COST OF 50 CENTS FOR A BUGGY.
Harness Oil, &c., &c.,
SAMPLE CARDS FREE.
The Wm. B. Price Mfg. Co.,
347 WARREN AVENUE,
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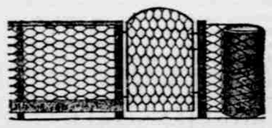
BESSEMER STEEL
BOOT
H. CHILDS & CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SOLE LEATHER COUNTER.
WILL NOT RUN OVER.
ALL SOLID LEATHER.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.
H. CHILDS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

KENTUCKY MULES.

The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pair Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.

STEEL WIRE FENCE.



The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Also, all kinds of Wire Work. Write for Prices. State kind and quality of fence wanted. Manufacturers of Fire Escapes and Iron Work.
TAYLOR & DEAN,
203 & 205 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
March 23, 1888.-6m.

WE want SALESMEN everywhere, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

Farm and Garden Notes.

For corn, stir the soil often.
Cut grain before it is too ripe.
Keep the tools sharp and clean.
Assort fruit well for marketing.
Sow some sweet corn for fodder.
Good field drink—Oatmeal water.
Wire makes the best fencing for poultry yards.

Buttermilk is a good summer drink for both town and country.

Working teams should be given a period of rest, and water in the mid-forenoon and mid-afternoon.

Old barrel hoops put around tomato-vines and nailed to stakes driven in the ground makes an excellent trellis.

A decoction of tobacco—boiled in water and used cold the next day—is said to have been found effectual against the current worm.

Chickens and hogs kept together won't work; you will find you have raised very dear pork. It don't work to keep old and young stock together—keep them separate.

When bees rob one another's hives, contract the entrance to the smallest space possible; it compels the robbers to pass in singly, thus enabling the bees inside to repel them.

The difference between poor butter and good, as measured in the market, is always great enough to pay for good service in the dairy, where skill is the prime factor in securing profit.

The farmer who carries a note-book in his pocket and jots down his mistakes as well as his successes in farm work, will have a very interesting and profitable book for reference next season.

To make hens lay well give them plenty of pure water. Water enters largely into the composition of an egg, and you will therefore see the need of giving them plenty of it—pure and clean.

Blue-grass is the better for pasture. Orchard grass is a little earlier in the spring, but does not make as much feed through the season. Sow fifteen pounds blue-grass seed to the acre, and twenty-five pounds of orchard grass.

Pine straw, or "needles," make very good litter for stables and an absorbent of the liquor manure. But of themselves they are not of much value. They contain six pounds of phosphate of lime per 1000 pounds, but very little other useful matters.

There is perhaps not a nook or corner on the average farm but what may be used for some kind of crop that will pay well for the raising, and the corners are now eye-sores and bugbears may be sources of income that are not exceeded by any other parts of the farm.

Attacks of the cattle gadfly which produce the tumors or warbles on the backs of cattle that are so common, may be avoided by applying carbolic wash or crude petroleum to the backs of cattle in July and August. Strong butter is a useful application to keep off the fly.

Have a place in which to deposit whatever will burn. A shallow trench of proper size should be made to hold the ashes. When a burning has been made, cover the trench with boards to prevent the ashes from being blown away. By care in gathering the rubbish, a supply may be secured without outlay.

The Way She Did It.

At a residence upon Juneau avenue the front door happened to be open the other day, and a little dried up book agent, with fringe on the bottom of his pants, was wafted in by the fresh lake breeze. The madam was just on the point of going out at the time and ran on to the little nuisance in the hall. Before she could get a chance to say a word he opened on her in this style: "I have here, madam, a little work which is taking immensely among the more intelligent and refined classes, and one which no family can well do without. It is entitled, 'How to Live Forever; or the Best Way to Rid Your Home of Disease Breeding Vermin.' It is complete in one volume, and sells at the ridiculously low sum of one dollar, or six for five. It——"

"I do not wish the book, sir," replied the lady as soon as she could gather herself. "I am well versed in the best modes of ridding one's house of vermin, and the book would really be of no use to me."

"Yes?" replied he of the mammoth gall. "Well, really now, I should very much like to have you give me an outline of your method of getting rid of vermin, if you have time to explain."

"Oh, no trouble at all, sir, it can be accomplished in a moment." And, turning, she called, "Bridget—oh, Bridget."

"Yis, mum, here Oi am," replied the domestic, appearing upon the scene, in the shape of a six-foot crockery hustler.

"Bridget, show this gentleman how we rid the house of vermin."

"Thot Oi will, de tafe o' the worruld," replied the girl, and, catching the poor fellow in seven different places at one and the same time, she boosted him down the steps, where he landed all in a heap.

To Sweeten a Tainted Barrel.

A tainted meal barrel may be sweetened by charring it. It may be cured by slacking some lime in it and then well washing it, but it is easier to char it. Put a small quantity of dry shavings in the barrel and set them on fire and let them burn out. The barrel may be swept out or washed and used again at once. If lime is used, put a peck of it freshly burned into the barrel, and pour a pailful of warm water on it. When it is slacked down add boiling water until it is thin enough to stir round with a broom, and thoroughly rinse the barrel several times during two days. Then wash it clean with fresh water.

Sheep and Hogs in Orchards.

A fruit-grower avers that the practice of pasturing sheep or hogs in orchards is excellent, less for the value of the pasture than for the benefit to the fruit by destroying wormy specimens. The animals should be fed liberally daily, but not at night or early in the morning, so as to encourage them to make early forays for fallen fruit.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A fine epitaph won't help a man in the next world.

Do you suppose crooked whisky comes so from going through the worm of an illicit still?

"I am performing the last sad rites," murmured the lawyer, as he drew up a sick man's will.

Young ladies whose homes are on the bounding prairies should not feel offended if called "plain girls."

A log of solid redwood was struck 140 feet below gravel in sinking an artesian well at Watsonville, Nev.

After all, it is lying in the sand, at the seashore, that will give a man true grit—in his shoes and his pockets.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

When you come right down to the facts in the case, its the loose-fitting straw hat that shows which way the wind blows.?

Papa, said little Stesie the other day, "why do they call a ship she?" "Because, my daughter, the ship is always on the lookout for buoys.

It is surely a strange coincidence that all the Presidents of the United States have learned the same trade. They have all been cabinet-makers.

A bear weighing 275 pounds was killed upon New river, in Piedmont, Virginia, with a single load of squirrel shot, and not at very close range.

"I say old man, can you tell me what is the first present mentioned in the Bible?" "Give it up." Why, when Eve presented Adam with a calf, stupid."

A New Orleans lad found a valuable satchel, and upon taking it to the owner, who had advertised the loss, was made happy with a brand new $100 bill.

It isn't impossible for a real-estate agent to be a Christian; but there is a popular impression that he can't be a Christian all the week and still succeed in business.

According to statistics with regard to the national debts of the world, each old terrestrial ball must be worth about 63 cents on the dollar at public auction.

In ancient cosmography Atlas was represented as supporting the world on his shoulders. We could never imagine what supported Atlas, though, unless he married rich.

If all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence everyone must take an equal portion, most people would be content to take their own and depart.

A negro girl down in Atlanta, Georgia, while prancing around to properly display her first bustle, fell a distance of 25 feet, but striking on her head escaped with slight injury.

A schooner has brought to Boston a fish weighing 175 pounds, caught in deep seafishing, that no one can name. It is almost as broad as long, bright red, and covered with silver spots.

The last French rifle, as described, has a ball so small that a soldier can carry 220 rounds, shoots with a new smokeless powder, and its bullet pierces a brick wall eight inches thick at 500 yards.

We take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends.

"Now, John," said his wife, as she was about starting for the country, "be very careful about drinking ice-water." "Maria," he responded reassuringly but unthinkingly, "I won't drink a drop of water while you're gone."

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little vexed at Miss Simmons?"

"What happened, Arthur, old boy?"

"Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song and then go home,' I said."

"Was it late?"

"About midnight."

"And what did she say?"

"She said: 'Can't you go home first?'"

"Yes, Adolphus, I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Governing a Boy.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Your locomotive with the thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon on the sea, in spite of adverse winds or current.

That sensitive and soft spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp firm and gentle on that helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad or wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin, or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to do some little service of trust for you, love him practically. Any way, rule him through his heart.

Keeping Sweet Corn.

This easy way of keeping sweet corn, recommended by the New York *Tribune*, can be readily tried: When the corn is not too old cut it from the cob and put it into a stone jar with one-eight measure of salt or more—it cannot be made too salt. Cover and weight. It must always be covered with brine. But a lady found that even her cow wouldn't eat corn thus treated. But later she learned that after being drained out of the brine it must be put at once into plenty of boiling water, boiled ten minutes, then drained and put into fresh water for a short time, repeating this the third time, when it is excellent seasoned with butter, pepper and milk or cream, with a spoonful of sugar to each quart of corn. Just scald this and then serve.